Smith's Report

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The Case of Gregory Chelli (alias Ulcan, alias ViolVocal), or the French Police's Inaction, Thus Far, in the Face of a Form of Jewish Terrorism

Robert Faurisson

August 25, 2014

Residing, it seems, at times in his native Paris, at other times somewhere in Romania and sometimes in Israel, precisely at Ashdod, right beside the Gaza Strip, the thirty-year-old French-Israeli Gregory Chelli, member of the Jewish Defense League, works, notably by means of the Internet, at making the life of men and women whom he considers anti-Semitic miserable. He sets up provocations in the course of which he makes the police services look ridiculous. So far he seems to have enjoyed an impunity comparable, proportionately speaking, to that of the State of Israel itself. Up to now Alain Soral, Dieudonné and their families have been among his best-known targets.

In our turn, we—my wife and I, along with some members of our family—have had to endure his provocations. I am 85 and my wife, who is nearly 83, is in poor health: her eyesight is diminishing, she is prone to falls and, when she does fall, she cannot get back up without help; she almost always needs my presence at her side; if I have to be out of the house for more than half a day I must arrange things so that she will not remain alone.

Robert Faurisson
(Before Revisionism)

From March 8, 2012, if not before, and for as long as he was able to phone us at our old number, this Chelli assailed us with a hundred calls of insults, abuse, threats (including death threats) and—I stress this point—on some of those occasions committed numerous actual assaults, details of which will be seen below. He has gone on making fun with impunity of the French police in general and its anti-violent crime sections (the "BAC") in particular, something that costs the taxpayer dearly. The police register our complaints but nothing or almost nothing comes of them.

To begin, here is a selection of the words this thug has addressed to my wife, words that can sometimes be heard in the recordings that, not without relish, he diffuses on the Internet: "Bitch, I shit on you, I piss on you… I enjoy seeing your husband's smashed head… I—you, I'm going to make your life impossible, I'm going to call

your neighbors." The "smashed head" is an allusion to photos showing me on a hospital bed after my sixth physical assault, on September 19, 1989, when three "young Jewish activists from Paris" set upon me in Vichy, where I live. From November 1978 to May 1996 I sustained ten assaults, particularly at the Palace of Justice in Paris, where the guard corps consistently refused me any protection, in direct words such as "We are not your bodyguards!" or "You may go to such or such place [in the building], but at your own risk!" or, from the commanding officer, a lieutenant colonel: "My grandfather was at Dachau…!" Not once was any of my attackers or any of the organizers of the assaults arrested. In one case alone—that of September 1989—the Jew behind an attack in which I nearly lost my life was merely questioned; he explained that on the day of the assault he had been far from the scene, at the house of a Jewish friend whose name he gave; asked to give other names, he responded that he could not because it had been the day of a masked ball… to which the friend had invited him.

I lodged my first complaint against Chelli for telephone harassment and assault at Vichy police station on March 9, 2012 (report of Guy Dablemont, police officer). I specified that the individual had also phoned two of my neighbors in the middle of the previous night, telling the first that there was a gas leak in my house and that he must go and inform me of it (and the neighbor, in a state of complete panic, did so), and announcing to the second that I was a terrorist. Both told me afterwards that they were ready to talk to the police if their testimonies were required. But the police, to whom, with their agreement, I later conveyed their respective identities and addresses, never asked them anything.

The very next day, March 10, the historian Paul-Eric Blanrue, whom I knew to be remarkably knowledgeable on the subject of Jewish activism, revealed Gregory Chelli's identity to me, supplying a wealth of information about him which I then shared with the police. On Sunday, March 11, our grandson B., aged 20, phoned me and my wife to say that, on orders from his father, living near Vichy, neither he nor his twin brother would be coming to visit us any longer because their father had received a phone call [from Chelli] telling him that someone was going to set fire to his house. It must be said that, in his youth, the father of these twins aspired to become a judge but had to give up his law studies because of the trouble brought on by the misfortune of bearing my surname. Thereafter he had, for the same reason, also abandoned two other possible careers and lived in fear of losing the job that he had nonetheless managed to get. He ended up telling those around him one day that he wanted to kill me. I understand and forgive him.

Continuing his campaign against me and my wife, Chelli kept up his assaults on the telephone: "Son of a whore, son of a whore, son of a whore, we'll get you one day… We're waiting for you to come to Paris to see Dieudonné, Soral. You're worth shit." I contacted the police and asked when my two neighbor-witnesses were going to be called in, as they wished to be. Answer: they will be called. In fact, as I have pointed out, they were never to be called. Second report signed by Mr. Guy Dablemont, March 12, 2012. No action followed. On March 19 I obtained an interview with commander Janiszewski of Vichy police station. The man seemed amiable and interested but there was still no follow-up on the case.

On March 21 I wrote to him. To no avail. Throughout the month of May at the station I would speak, four times, with Major Gay, who made a strange objection; as the case involved YouTube he told me straight out: "The police can't do anything with [against] YouTube." On June 21 he promised me that he would work on the telephone numbers from which the calls had been made but warned me that I would not have the right to note them or to obtain the names and addresses. On June 30, Chelli, getting my wife on the phone, told her: "We're going to put ground glass in your —." On January 9, 2013 the thug, pretending to be a doctor, announced to me: "This is Chabanais [Charente] hospital. Your wife is dead."

On February 9, 2013, with the harassment continuing, a serious incident occurred. At around 3 am, three members of the BAC showed up at our house. It seems someone had phoned pretending to be me, saying: "I've just been attacked by three blacks; they're in my basement, raping my wife." I tried to get an appointment with commander Janiszewski. Impossible. They promised me he would call me. He was not to call me. On my way to the police station I was walking up Boulevard de la Salle on the left-hand pavement. A little old man who had recently shouted at me: "Oh! You, you'll go to hell" and who, myself making no reply, had

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NEWS AND NOTES Bradley R. Smith

*** ***Der Spiegel*** is one of Europe's most influential magazines. It's commonly held that its influence is based on the moral authority established by the quality of its investigative journalism. *Der Spiegel* employs the equivalent of 80 full-time fact checkers, which the *Columbia Journalism Review* calls "most likely the world's largest fact checking operation."

To illustrate the quality of the German press, as represented by the fact checkers of the *Der Spiegel*, one has only to refer to a story printed there dated 25 August about the roundup of some former Auschwitz guards. Klaus Wiegrefe, a house journalist for *DS*, writes about how a number of suspected Auschwitz guards were rounded up by the State for possible prosecution. The youngest was 88 and the oldest almost 100. Nevertheless…

Writing that more than a million victims were murdered in gas chambers at Auschwitz, Klaus Wiegrefe goes on to note: "The SS ground up the bones of the corpses and sold the meal to a fertilizer company in the vicinity. The ashes of the incinerated bodies were used in road construction, the hair of the women was spun into yarn and processed into felt, and gold tooth fillings were removed and melted, formed into bars and turned over to the Reichsbank, Germany's central bank during the Nazi era."

That all got past more than 80 full-time German fact checkers? In 2014?

It's not just the Americans.

*** **Borjastick** is the signature used by a primary figure who posts on the CODOH Forum. A pseudonym of course. But he signs each post with: "Of the four million Jews under Nazi control in WW2, six million died and, alas, only five million survived."

*** **My second chemotherapy** session was cancelled because of an eruption of shingles. The shingles infection was encouraged by the fact that the first chemo session had blown out the bottom of my immune system. My new oncologist, a lady from Taiwan, said she didn't want to risk other infections while the immune system is so weak. She delayed the next infusion for two weeks. After ten days I called oncology to tell them that the infection was still cooking and we should delay it another two weeks. They agreed. It's interesting how painful shingles can be. I would not have thought so.

*** **Re my new photo**: it's been observed by a couple three people that my eyes look like slits. One person associated it with a Fu Manchu squint. I'd like to think the narrowness of the eyes represents on my part an increasing range of calculating shrewdness.

*** ***Without Thought*** is the title of a book I would like to work on but doubt I can find the time for. I was on the phone last night with Tom Moran and he was telling me that he is so busy with his business that he simply does not have time to do the writing he would like to do. That's the way it is with me. There's CODOH, there's *Smith's Report*, the Campus Project, there's this and there's that and I don't have time to write. When I write about writing I do not mean *Smith's Report* or anything to do with CODOH or the Campus Project or any of the outreach I do. I mean writing about the life itself.

The first idea for *Without Thought* would tell the tale of the morning in Korea when I chose to stand in full view of and ignore a Chinese machine-gunner who was trying to kill me so that I could burlesque the guys in my platoon who had taken refuge in an irrigation ditch and looked like drowned rats. I could hear the bullets whooshing past my head but I was invested in my line of gags until the moment a bullet glanced off my left temple and knocked me to my knees. I have written about the incident, but have not told the whole story. And what I did tell was not informed by the concept of taking place "without thought," a concept that is now available to address, perhaps explain, a number of primary yet "brainless" decisions I have made over the last 60-odd years. And then, who am "I" if my decisions are made without thought?

*** **A wonderful review** of my *A Personal History of Moral Decay* by James J. O'Meara has been published at Counter Currents Publishing: http://tinyurl.com/q3ft566. More than 4,000 words, many insights that would not have occurred to me. I'd like to print the entire review here but there isn't, won't be, room. Now Fredrick Töben has reviewed *Moral Decay*, from a point of view that is uniquely his. That makes four sophisticated, literate reviews of the book. Reviewers are associating *Moral Decay* with William Burroughs, Henry Miller,

Charles Bukowski, Hemingway and others. At the same time, I do want to make it clear, that my work is only being associated with the work those guys did, not being compared to it.

*** **At the computer** this mid-morning the brain is empty (not a straight-line). I go through my mail, mess around with this and that, losing time. At noon, in the kitchen, I prepare my twice-daily drink of whey and take my supplements which are extensive, then go in the bedroom and lie down. I guess I sleep for a while then just lie there thinking about the work. And then slowly it comes to me. I see where I have to take the work. I come into the office, type the above couple three sentences for the record, and now when it is time to address the core idea that came to me while still in bed, it's gone. I have no idea what the idea was.

This has nothing to do with my "without thought" concept. I just forgot.

*** **A new outreach concept**. We have found a way to access academics, journalists, students and other media people in a way that has never before been used by any of us. Don't want to go into details publicly for the usual reasons, but the results should begin to show up this fall. We'll see. But this could become something very special.

*** **Illegal immigration**. It's the big story on the US-Mexican border. What we never see on American television are shots of the masses of kids and others from Central America riding on the roofs of Mexican trains for 800 miles from Central America to the border with Texas. The "immigration" is being organized by special interests in their home countries to profit the organizers themselves, whoever they are, and processed by the Mexican government through its rail system to break through the American border. The kids are being used to achieve the goals, which are likely various, of the adults manipulating the adventure. Meanwhile, American Congressmen are unwilling to stand up to this aggression and fraud. They are focused on ISIS and Syria, where the "real" danger is. Once again: it's not "them," it's us.

*** ***Hoaxocaust!*** is a new one-act play written and performed by Barry Levey "with the generous assistance of the Institute for Political and International Studies, Tehran." There are Persians who know how to apologize as well as the rest of us. *Hoaxacaust!* ran in the New York International Fringe Festival, and has been selected to run in the Fringe Encores Series at Baruch College's Performing Arts Center for four (4) performances (it's a blow-out). In an article published by the Jewish *Algemeiner* Levey gives us 10 things he learned while "writing a satire of Holocaust deniers": http://tinyurl.com/pb5wmxr. I will note only the first one here.

#1. Putting Deniers' actual theories on stage, verbatim, without comment can be hysterical. When tenured Northwestern University professor **Arthur Butz** claims that most of the Jews who vanished after the war secretly moved to Brooklyn to escape their arranged-marriage spouses, you do not editorialize. Letting crazy speak for itself is comic gold."

This story is so stupid I would not touch it were it not that Butz's name is—***used!***

*** **The charge of Holocaust Denial,** often combined with anti-Semite and Nazi, is sheer, blind hatred, calculated to engender yet more hatred in others. It is attack and invective, displacing their civilized alternative for opposition, reasoned argument.

Logically it is quite the same as implicating an opponent of the death sentence for a criminal, in the crime itself. You oppose the execution of Anders Breivik, the mass murderer of Norway? Then you're a mass murderer yourself, and an anti-Norwegian to boot.

"Holocaust denier" combines the bigotry of "nigger" with the medieval consignment of "blasphemer." Like those two, it should be banished from the realm of polite conversation and respectable reportage, and someday, it will be.

Holocaust denial is to Holocaust revisionism what witchcraft is to chemistry.

(*I did not write the above. I have lost track of who did. Regardless of author, it's pretty solid.)*

*** Hernandez, my right-hand man here in the office for some three years before he moved south to Guanajuato, is in town for a couple three weeks. He's seeing to getting a book of poems published and drinking beer with old friends. Before he came up he had five books delivered from the States to my PO Box. They include:

New Horizons in the Study of Language and Mind, by Noam Chomsky.

How the Mind Works by Steven Pinker

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John Stuart Mill Calls For Open Debate on The Holocaust

by Michael K. Smith

Thanks to the miracle of digital time travel, Legalienate's editors were able to interview the 19th-century liberal John Stuart Mill on the urgent matter of the suppression of free speech in the modern Holocaust debate. Readers of Mill's "On Liberty," which made him famous as a defender of human rights, will recognize what he has to say here.

Legalienate: We're pressed for time, as always, so let's get right down to business, so to speak. Don't we have the right, the obligation even, to reject points of view so odious that they offend our ethical sensibilities to the core? Why should we debate Holocaust "deniers"?

Mill: There is the greatest difference between presuming an opinion to be true because, with every opportunity for contesting it, it has not been refuted, and assuming its truth for the purpose of not permitting its refutation. Complete liberty of contradicting and disproving our opinion is the very condition which justifies us in assuming its truth for purposes of action; and on no other terms can a being with human faculties have any rational assurance of being right.

Legalienate: But American Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that the doctrine of free speech does not permit one to yell "Fire!" in a crowded theater. Doesn't upholding free speech for extreme points of view like Holocaust denial run the risk of inciting a general conflagration that will destroy the very rights we are seeking to protect?

Mill: Strange it is that men should admit the validity of the arguments for free discussion, but object to their being "pushed to an extreme," not seeing that unless the reasons are good for an extreme case, they are not good for any case. Strange that they should imagine that they are not assuming infallibility when they acknowledge that there should be free discussion on all subjects which can possibly be doubtful, but think that some particular principle or doctrine should be forbidden to be questioned because it is so certain, that is, because they are certain that it is certain. To call any proposition certain, while there is anyone who would deny its certainty if permitted, but who is not permitted, is to assume that we ourselves, and those who agree with us, are the judges of certainty, and judges without hearing the other side.

Legalienate: The persecution of Holocaust heretics really only affects a tiny minority of very stubborn people, doesn't it? By taking up their cause, aren't we really making much ado about very little?

Mill: It is not the minds of heretics that are deteriorated most by the ban placed on all inquiry which does not end in the orthodox conclusions. The greatest harm done is to those who are not heretics, and whose whole mental development is cramped and their reason cowed by the fear of heresy. Who can compute what the world loses in the multitude of promising intellects combined with timid characters, who dare not follow out any bold, vigorous, independent train of thought, lest it should land them in something which would admit of being considered irreligious or immoral?

Legalienate: What's wrong with denigrating Holocaust "deniers," so long as we don't abolish their free speech rights?

Mill: Where there is a tacit convention that principles are not to be disputed, where the discussion of the greatest questions which can occupy humanity is considered to be closed, we cannot hope to find that generally high scale of mental activity which has made some periods of history so remarkable.… If there are any persons who contest a received opinion, or who will do so if law or opinion will let them, let us thank them for it, open our minds to listen to them, and rejoice that there is someone to do for us what we otherwise ought, if we have any regard for either the certainty or the vitality of our convictions, to do with much greater labor for ourselves.

Legalienate: But aren't some points of view so evil that they deserve silence? And aren't others so obviously true that they needn't be argued?

Mill: First, if an opinion is com-

pelled to silence, that opinion may, for aught we can certainly know, be true. To deny this is to assume our own infallibility. Secondly, though the silenced opinion be an error, it may, and very commonly does, contain a portion of truth; and since the general or prevailing opinion on any subject is rarely or never the whole truth, it is only by the collision of adverse opinions that the remainder of the truth has any chance of being supplied. Thirdly, even if the received opinion be not only true, but the whole truth; unless it is suffered to be, and actually is, vigorously and earnestly contested, it will, by most of those who receive it, be held in the manner of a prejudice, with little comprehension or feeling of its rational grounds.

And not only this, but fourthly, the meaning of the doctrine itself will be in danger of being lost or enfeebled, and deprived of its vital effect on the character and conduit; the dogma becoming a mere formal profession, inefficacious for good, but cumbering the ground and preventing the growth of any real and heartfelt conviction from reason or personal experience.

Legalienate: But some people, like Holocaust deniers, just refuse to enter the age of reason. Don't we have ample reason to reject their perverse beliefs?

Mill: The beliefs which we have most warrant for have no safeguard to rest on but a standing invitation to the whole world to prove them unfounded. If the challenge is not accepted, or is accepted and the attempt fails, we are far enough from certainty still, but we have done the best that the existing state of human reason admits of: we have neglected nothing that could give the truth a chance of reaching us; if the lists are kept open, we may hope that, if there be a better truth, it will be found when the human mind is capable of receiving it; and in the meantime we may rely on having attained such approach to truth as is possible in our own day. This is the amount of certainty attainable by a fallible being, and this is the sole way of attaining it.

Legalienate: How dangerous is the suppression of heresy in your view?

Mill: It is true we no longer put heretics to death; and the amount of penal infliction which modern feeling would probably tolerate, even against the most obnoxious opinions, is not sufficient to extirpate them. But let us not flatter ourselves that we are yet free from the stain even of legal persecution. Penalties for opinion, or at least for its expression, still exist by law; and their enforcement is not, even in these times, so unexampled as to make it at all incredible that they may some day be revived in full force.

Legalienate: Indeed. In the 21st century, many Holocaust heretics are still sent to prison. Thank you for your time.

Source: All quotes of John Stuart Mill are verbatim, from "On Liberty," published in 1859.

First published by Legalianate: http://tinyurl.com/qy7qzue.

The Case of Gregory Chelli Robert Faurisson

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followed after me, calling me a "dirty bastard", was on the opposite pavement in conversation with the owner of a garage there and another person. He noticed me. He was talking loudly but I could not make out what he was saying, although it was obviously about me, and heated words indeed. This time I decided to call him to account. I went up to him and asked the reason for his attitude. He replied: "You should be ashamed, denying the existence of the concentration camps", thereby proving he had not read anything I had written! He is a state education retiree: a former schools inspector called Jacques Thierry.

I wanted to discuss this matter with commander Janiszewski but could not manage to contact him.

On February 21 I finally saw him. He informed me: "They've got [Chelli's telephone] number" but, of course, this number was not revealed to me and I was never to know what action, if any, followed the discovery. Regarding the incidents with the retired inspector he said: "We'll see to that later", but nothing was seen to "later". A new complaint was lodged, with a report bearing the signature, this time, of Bernard Manillère, police officer.

New calls, new insults on March 14, 16 and 17: "You're still alive, — !"; "So then, rotter, old fossil, old fossil, old fossil." On March 19 I sent a new letter to commander Janiszewski, pointing out that the harassment had now lasted for over a year and that I knew nothing about the investigation except that the thug's telephone number had apparently been found. No reply.

April 3, 2013: "I'll go and piss on your grave... Son of shit… Your

daughter… Your son disowned you like a dog... Your wife sells her paintings. I'm Gregory Chelli… I called your neighbor for the gas leak… I'll make YouTube videos."

As I ended up changing my phone number, which caused me considerable nuisance, we were no longer to receive insults, abuse or threats liable to lead to assault. But the situation would suddenly worsen.

The newspaper in France that has vilified me the most since the late 1970s, throwing me to the dogs, *Le Monde*, today owned by Louis Dreyfus, has this summer begun to denounce the practices of Gregory Chelli because he rebukes its journalists for their criticism of the State of Israel's current behaviour in Palestine, particularly in Gaza. An intriguing reversal of the situation. The thug's victim is no longer Faurisson, concerning whom the newspaper has reported virtually nothing of the attacks he has had to endure; on the contrary, *Le Monde* was at the head of media campaigns against the revisionists, dubbed "stubborn liars, gangsters of history", of whom I myself would seem to be the paragon.

This time the victim is primarily a weekly of the political left and of big money, *Le Nouvel Observateur*, or its website called Rue89. See "Qui est le hacker sioniste soupçonné d'avoir piraté Rue89?" *Le Monde*, August 10-11, 2014, p. 7 or http://tinyurl.com/oar2omt.

See also: "Le Monde and Le Nouvel Observateur solidaires de Rue89", *Le Monde*, August 12, 2014, p. 7 or http://tinyurl.com/nzego29.

More specifically, the journalist concerned is Benoît Le Corre; on this subject I recommend the video at http://tinyurl.com/pgbp8e7.

The reporter's father, hearing the words of the thug Chelli, has suffered a heart attack and been placed in an artificial coma; see http://tinyurl.com/kgqc82m. Given the circumstances, the fact that the case should have "taken a tragic turn" does not surprise me; my own

Suddenly, on Saturday, August 16, 2014, at 12.30 am, there appeared on our doorstep, very tense, four members of the BAC and two uniformed policemen. The BAC men had arrived on the scene with weapons and shields. The one in charge neither introduced nor identified himself.

myocardial infarction of October 16, 2012, occurred in similar circumstances.

I have a long experience of Jewish attacks; often they aim at the heart. On July 12, 1987, I was beaten with extraordinary violence by the Jew Nicolas Ullmann at the Vichy "Sporting Club", with no possibility of defending myself: all his blows were to my chest which, four days later, had become one enormous bruise. "Your guy was a real bomber!" was the remark of the Cameroonian doctor at Confolens (Charente) hospital on seeing the damage. As usual, I did not bring charges because I could not afford to retain a lawyer, and experience had taught me that if there were a trial my assailant would either be acquitted on the presumption of good faith or else be ordered to pay me a pittance in damages.

For many French judges my opponents are automatically in good faith. In 2007 former Justice Minister Robert Badinter, who had the chutzpah to state on television that as a lawyer for the LICRA he had had me found guilty in 1981 of being a "falsifier of history", proved incapable of proving his assertion in court during the case I had brought against him for it. And for good reason: never in my life have I been found guilty of distorting or falsifying anything whatsoever; the court had to take note of this and rule that Badinter had "failed in his offer of proof" (p. 16 of the judgment) but, the judges dared to add, Badinter had been in good faith! And, losing my suit, I then had to pay €5,000 to my extremely rich "good faith slanderer". The year before historian Pierre Vidal-Naquet, the most worthless of my opponents, wrote on the website of Libération: "If I had got my hands on Faurisson I would not have hesitated to strangle him" (January 6, 2006). He knew that, smothered with fines and other financial penalties, I was hardly likely to prosecute him and that, in the event of a trial, he could count on a court presided over by Nicolas Bonnal, with François Cordier as representative of the Justice ministry, two friends who had taken special courses in "Shoa" history organized by the Simon Wiesenthal Centre in Paris and the Representative Council of Jewish Institutions in France (CRIF).

Suddenly, on Saturday, August 16, 2014, at 12.30 am, there appeared on our doorstep, very tense, four members of the BAC and two uniformed policemen. The BAC men had arrived on the scene with weapons and shields. The one in charge neither introduced nor identified himself. A neighbor who had not been involved in last year's episode came out on the street in his pajamas. He held out to one of the policemen a telephone handset on which he was still in conversation

with Chelli. It is the latter who can be heard in a long recording. The neighbor, for his part, did not have all his wits about him. He ought not to have followed the thug's instructions and come out of the house in the middle of the night as he did.

My wife is distraught. She can no longer sleep. Personally, I refuse to dwell too long on the consequences of what I call "the Jewish torture". I do not know what the Chinese torture is but I know the Jewish torture: it is particularly vicious. My mind tries hard to erase the various incidents but my body forgets nothing. For many years it has hardly ever left me in peace, especially at night, when the cries I let out during my nightmares wake up those near me. I smile and, at times, even laugh. A matter of temperament. I laugh, for instance, with my friend Dieudonné and I adopt the judgment of Pierre Guillaume, expressed in a play on words on the name "Dieudonné", which literally means "God-given": "The laughter given by God is the final solution of the Jewish question" (Le rire par Dieu donné…).

I have learnt that my new file is in the hands—quite a coincidence—of Major Gay. The good man has done nothing in the past; he will do nothing in the future. Three times, in the evening, at around nine o'clock when he goes on duty, I have been to the police station to keep him informed of what, in the course of the day, I have garnered on the subject of Chelli but the matter clearly does not interest him and he asks me to take my written reports with me as I leave. Finally, on my third visit, a surprise: he informs me that my file has been sent to the regional police service (SRPJ) in Clermont-Ferrand. By a new coincidence, the file is in the hands of a commander there who, a few days ago, on a complaint of the LICRA of Strasbourg, came to Vichy to ask me fifteen questions about two articles on "Robert Faurisson's unofficial blog": our

> **I laugh, for instance, with my friend Dieudonné, and I adopt the judgment of Pierre Guillaume, expressed in a play on words on the name "Dieudonné", which literally means "God-given": "The laughter given by God is the final solution of the Jewish question" (Le rire par Dieu donné…).**

appointment was also at the police station. However, for the most part, I limited myself to letting him put down in his minutes my ritual sentence: "I refuse to collaborate with the French police and justice system in the repression of historical revisionism." Amiable and smiling, he did not seem to begrudge me for exercising what, in this case, was a right under the law.

They surprise me, all those Jews along with all the people who live in the panicky fear that they have, and rightly so, of those whom I call "the Jewish-Jews". They think I can be intimidated; however I can say that, although I have often felt fear, discouragement, anxiety, I have never known timidity. They believe I am French and intelligent. For them, after forty years of blows and injuries, trials, insults of all kinds and especially after so many attacks on my wife, my children and my grandchildren, I'm sure to break down. They are wrong. They run on blinding hatred. I do not. Admittedly, I am French by my father but, by my mother, I am British, or rather Scottish. Unlike the pure Frenchman, born clever and whose eye sparkles with intelligence, I see no reason to believe that my fight is lost before it begins. I am even persuaded of the contrary.

Let's recall the British in June 1940: they were lost. Unintelligent, they did not grasp the fact. Then, with the decisive support—at first surreptitious—of their cousins across the Atlantic they continued the fight and that's how they won it. But even so, above all the reader mustn't go and take me for an admirer of the alcoholic Winston Churchill! Under his leadership the Western Allies, perfect "democrats" that they were, offered a good part of Europe to Stalin and amassed the very worst crimes in Europe and elsewhere while their propaganda specialists, as in the First World War, lied to the fullest, ascribing, for example, to the Germans the invention of "corpse factories" which, during the new war, would become "death [by gas] factories", built at Auschwitz or elsewhere.

Their propaganda endorsed the gargantuan Jewish mystification of the alleged extermination of the Jews (which produced millions of miraculous survivors), the alleged Nazi gas chambers and the alleged six million. Finally, they incur, after the Americans, a heavy responsibility for the crime par excellence that was the judicial masquerade of the International Military Tribunal (three lies in three words) at Nuremberg, presided over by a British judge; article 19 of this tribunal's charter pronounces that "The Tribunal shall not be bound by technical rules of evidence…" while article 21 stipulates that "The Tribunal shall not require proof of facts of common knowledge but shall

take judicial notice thereof. It shall also take judicial notice of [an endless series of documents and reports signed by the victors concerning the crimes of the vanquished]…". So it was that the Soviet report on the massacre of thousands of Polish officers at Katyn, attributing it to the Germans, was to have, like a multitude of other reports each more insane than the rest, the value of authentic evidence with no possibility of appeal, and for all eternity. Three cheers for the Allies in general and also for those Frenchmen à la Fabius who grounded their 1990 antirevisionist law on... the Nuremberg trial!

[…]

Addition of August 30, 2014:

Another neighbor of mine, owner of a restaurant in the town center, has just revealed to me that on the night of August 16, wanting to return home, he was stopped by policemen near his house who, agitated and ready to shoot, ordered him, guns drawn, to move away because his neighbor Faurisson was extremely dangerous. It is likely that those men, having first gathered in Vichy police station before moving into operation, had not been made aware of the treatment which, for the last two years and five months, I had been made to endure by a hoaxer carrying on with impunity who, on February 9, 2013, had already staged a scenario exactly the same as what he was repeating on August 16, 2014. Had they known they would not have been in such a nervous state. But perhaps some high-placed persons wanted to let an incident occur. After all, except for one case, in the last forty years in Vichy neither the police nor the municipality has expressed any interest in the safety of a Faurisson.

What Is It With That Nazi Euthanasia?

by Jett Rucker

Gizmo was our faithful family dog for eighteen years before we "put him down" a few years ago. Our neighbors and friends were suitably sympathetic, and their reaction was entirely appropriate; we were rather broken up about it for several days. It was worst for our children, who had literally grown up with Gizmo.

"It was the best thing for Gizzie," people who knew us—and him—would opine, again with considerable evidence as well as reason on their side. We agreed, noting that he had been put out of his misery. Of course, bills for his care at the veterinarian had been mounting, and our savings from their discontinuance are appreciated even if not positively needed for our own sustenance.

Rewind to 1945, to *Hadamar*, (American) Occupied Germany, where unreconstructed Nazis are being ratted out and shipped to Dachau and other prison camps for sorting and punishment as appropriate. *Hadamar* is a small town in the western German state of Hesse, and it had long been the location of a government psychiatric hospital where it was reported that the National Socialist government had devised and launched a program for killing persons with disabilities that the government felt had no prospect of living fruitful lives. This practice, allegedly instituted a few years after the assumption of power by the National Socialists, was said to have experienced "mission creep" during World War II such that the putative killing facilities at *Hadamar* were repurposed to the killing of prisoners of war and other wards of the beleaguered state whose maintenance it wished to be relieved of, in a general way like my family and our beloved Gizmo.

Staffers of the institution were rounded up and put on trial by the occupying US Army under the direction of a Judge Advocate General's Corps officer named Leon Jaworski, whose name became a household word in the 1970s as the special prosecutor in the Watergate trials. The tribunal he led found every one of the accused guilty of crimes under international law, sentencing three of them to death.

Fast forward to 2014, to Berlin, host to three memorials to Holocaust victims, one each for Jews, for Roma and Sinti, and for gays. Just when it might seem that there couldn't be yet another category of victims of the Nazis for which to erect a memorial, along comes, 73 years after the fact (the euthanasia program was halted in 1941), the memorial to a supposed 300,000 victims of the National Socialists' "T4" euthanasia program, reported in the *New York Times* of September 3: http://tinyurl.com/nplbj3k.

Actually, there never was any-

thing as blessed as silence on the subject; the noise has been sustained at least since 1945 when Colonel Jaworski opened the first of a series of war-crimes "trials" that have continued to the present day and will no doubt continue well past the lifetimes of anyone who might read the present report. And now, just as for every other conceivable permutation of Nazi war crimes the human mind can invent, there is even a memorial to the victims of these crimes as well, at the former bus stop at 4 *Tiergartenstrasse* in Berlin, where you already couldn't swing a dead cat around your head without hitting such a memorial with it.

What, then, is with all this interminable hoopla about the T4 euthanasia program that ended over seventy years ago? It seems fairly obvious, on reflection. The one holy cause so widely and deeply revered and worshipped (and enforced by law) that it has been dubbed the Juggernaut of Conscience is, and surely will long remain, the Holocaust, the shield of the Jewish people and the sword of their country, Israel. The German euthanasia program of 1939-1940, whatever its extent and nature in truth, is neither more nor less than a tributary in the vast watershed that drains blood and treasure from the United States and Germany in torrents that swell ever greater with each passing year.

It is the beneficiary of a mendacious symbiosis with its big brother, the Nazi Holocaust of the Jews, in two ways.

First, it demonizes the National Socialists and the Germans, the people who permitted or assisted this monster to gain control over their country. Demonizing these groups is essential to putting over the most-improbable, indeed sensational, thesis that this group of notionally civilized people would assign themselves the task of physically eradicating—exterminating—a group of people living in their very midst, in many cases occupying positions in government, the media, the academy and professions that are distinguished and influential. What "the Germans" actually did to the Jews during World War II is indeed reprehensible, but the Holocaust meme as it has grown and transmogrified since the times of the actual events absolutely requires the understanding that the Germans were in fact brutal, soulless monsters bent on imposing National Socialism on the entire world, and rendering that world entirely *judenfrei*, as the goal of extermination of all Jews is rendered in their language. Emphasizing and magnifying the size and methods of the T4 euthanasia program serves this goal most admirably. They're killing their own people, for shame!

Second, it offers a precious "seed crystal" on which to erect a pseudo-factual basis for the Gas Libel on the German People. The technological horrors of the Gas Chamber are such as to raise the hairs on the backs of the necks of people susceptible to dystopian science fiction, and among this gullible population, to raise the moral hackles of those either whose sympathies are motivated by the exotic method of the crime and/or who wish to be seen by their fellows as sympathizing with the helpless innocent who suffer such an unimaginable fate at the hands of such despicable torturers. In just such fertile muck does the seed of the "industrialized death machine" take root and eventually unfold its ugly flower in the light of public wonderment.

The T4 euthanasia program has been promoted as the test bed in which were invented no less than two methods of killing unwilling or unknowing victims with gas: the gas van and the stationary gas chamber, the latter being disguised as, or even doing double duty as, a shower room. Quite aside from the toll it is said to have taken at at least six locations around Germany, it is also averred by those historians who have hitched their wagons to this dark star that the satanic technologies developed in the euthanasia program were explicitly exported to the purported "extermination camps" of Aktion Reinhardt and other conspiracies hatched by Nazis bent on world domination. Diligent operatives from the euthanasia program were seconded by the SS to those camps as they were being designed and erected, and placed in charge of the installation of the killing apparatuses that eventually claimed, it is said, the lives of as many as six million innocent Jews, along with five million "other ranks." That is, indeed, quite a lot of gas, once one thinks about it. All this is to lend much-needed credibility to the phantasmagoric tales of the genocidal gas chambers invented and deployed by the Nazis.

Like most of the victims of the Nazi empire of death, our poor Gizmo was incinerated (the term "cremated" is reserved for human beings exclusively, Jews and the disabled included), and we requested—at extra cost—that his ashes be returned to us. But we erected no memorial to him, not at a bus stop downtown, nor even in a cemetery such as the ones at the T4 sites.

We spread his ashes around a sapling in the back yard that we had recently planted, which today

towers over our back porch providing welcome shade that we enjoy every sunny day that comes along.

One of the things we enjoy about the shade under Gizmo's Tree is its silence. It has made absolutely no sound since we spread his nourishing ashes that sad day so many years ago. Would that the deaths of others could be so gently honored.

News and Notes Bradley Smith

Continued from page 4

The Grand Design, by Stephen Hawking and Leonard Mlodinow

Frames of Mind: The Theory of Multiple Intelligences, by Howard Gardner.

The Germ Code, by Jason Tetro.

He's looking through my books now, looking.

I've suggested to Hernandez that he lighten up a bit but he says he finds this stuff entertaining.

`

British Publisher Simon Sheppard Arrested, His House Searched, His Computers Seized, but He Beats the Rap

This past June the Adelaide Institute reported that British revisionist publisher Simon Sheppard, of North Yorkshire, was woken up by police threatening to break down the door of his house unless he opened it immediately. They refused to allow him to put on some clothes first.

Once inside they arrested him on "suspicion of distributing racially inflammatory material, under section 19 of the Public Order Act 1986", allowed him to dress, handcuffed him and took him away. Soon afterwards a search team arrived on the premises, confiscating two computers and some books.

"… it seems that some sourpuss at the Post Office opened an outgoing package, saw something about Anne Frank, deemed it 'anti-Semitic' and reported it to the police. This was enough for the special 'anti-racist' task force to spring into action.

"Sheppard was detained until 1 pm, then bailed for three months, during which time he may or may not be charged with having committed an as yet unspecified act."

Sheppard's activity as a revisionist publisher is well known to the authorities: in 2008 he was tried and convicted for distribution of

"racist" tracts and imprisoned for three years. But he has no intention of giving up his life's work because the arbitrary ruling power disapproves of it.

Today the offence of "distributing racially inflammatory material" carries a sentence of up to seven years. http://tinyurl.com/k2eb75v

UPDATE

Sheppard writes that he reported to the York Police Station on 9 September to answer bail following the police raid of three months earlier. A Post Office employee had opened an outgoing package and seen something inside, probably a copy of *Anna Frank's Novel*, and this was used as a pretext for a report to the police. That report was used as a pretext for his arrest, which was the legal pretext for the search of his flat and the seizure of papers and data. But at York he was informed that there will be "no further action" in relation to the suspected offence, "the distribution of racially inflammatory material." His two computers, drives and other seized material are to be returned.

You will find an intro to *Anna Frank's Novel* and to Simon Sheppard's Heretical Press here: http://tinyurl.com/kj4jy4n. When Simon claims he is publishing "Heretical" books and papers, he is not practicing a form of British understatement. He means – ***Heretical!***

INCONVENIENT HISTORY

Volume 6, Number 3 – Fall 2014

It's Here!'

Did covert machinations of the Great War betray the Arabs and result in a permanent conflict of civilizations?

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See: http://tinyurl.com/kpm2vn9

*** ***A Personal History of Moral Decay*** was published in mid-June. It's been reviewed beautifully four times, while a couple more reviews are in the works. A reader of *Smith's Report* writes:

"Congratulations Bradley. Your new book seems to be a home run. I liked Toben's review especially. Hope this book ends any financial problems you may have."

Well, not yet. The book has received four very good reviews, but the distribution of those reviews is limited. They were not published in *The New York Times Book Review*. While I hardly tried to sell the first three books, this time it's different. I want to promote this one. The idea is to use the reviews to create a story, use the story to promote the book, use the book to promote revisionism. Same ole, same ole, but that's what I do. Promote revisionism. To date sales are minuscule. I know what the odds are.

*** **Same Ole, same ole. Again**. The fall semester is here, student newspapers are publishing, we've submitted a very simple text link to the online edition of *The Daily Trojan* at USC. It reads:

"My History of Moral Decay"

The link takes the reader to the review of *A Personal History of Moral Decay* that appeared in Counter Currents. And to Amazon.com where the reader can buy the book.

The plan is to focus on USC, the home of the Shoah Foundation and the rabbinical filmmaker Steven Spielberg. Mr. Spielberg is rabbinical in the sense that with film he focuses on creating martyrs of Jews, even when they claim to have participated with Germans in the victimization of Jews.

This time the idea is to focus, focus. It will be the same if the link is run or not. There are a lot of testimonies here that ache to be addressed. I worked some of them last year but wandered off. No wandering this time. This time it's to be—Single-Mindedness!

Ya think?

Bradley

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